

life. A cup of OXO, with a biscuit or two sustains for hours Pure Beef Cubes

THE

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

CHAPTER XIV.

more than he wanted his own.

velope. "Raymond Ashton, Esq. . . ." from you. I am a little bit afraid in

some day Esther would hate it too, this, but your last letter is lying bewhen she knew how he had deceived side me, and I keep peeping at it and

It was a great risk-but . . . his breath, and drew out the letter

"My Darling Boy,-You can never know how glad and happy I was to get | reached the end. your letter to-night and to know that I can really write to you at last. I him an effort. He was rather pale have been so miserable during these now, and there was a hard line round weeks in spite of all your goodness- his mouth. So that was how she and you have been good. It makes me, thought of him! Somehow he had not feet mean and ungrateful now when imagined how much it would hurt to I femember how horrid I often was to read the fond words and to know all you before you went away. When you come back I will make it all up to other man. And to a man so unworthy you, and show you how nice I really He thought of Ashton as he had seen can be, because I do love you-I have him three nights ago with Mrs. Clare; never loved any one but you. Thank you so much for the money you have sent me-I was very much down on and it made his blood boil. my luck when it came. They haven't a vacancy for me just now at Eldred's, or else they did not want me back. and I am going to try and find another berth. I am living in a new boarding-house, as you will see; it's and asked for his bill. The smiling ever so much nicer than the Brixton French girl sobered a little meeting Road, and I shall be able to stay on his gaze; for once she did not dare to now you are so generously sending smile or dimple; she gave him his me money. I have made a nice friend account silently. here, too, a girl named June Mason-

she tells me that she knows your mo-

aid nothing about it. She has a man er-a Mr. Mellowes-she thinks the orld of him, but I think he is detest-

Micky caught his breath hard. After

"June tells me he is very rich, and quite a 'somebody,' but I cannot see anything out of the ordinary about him, and he isn't a bit good looking. He knows you too-but he does not say much about you. Dearest, it seems such a long time since I saw youand I cannot help wondering if you really miss me and want me as much as I want you. . . . Sometimes I would give just anything to lay my head on your shoulder and say how much I love you. I'm very lonely, really; hough June is so kind she isn't any one of my very own, is she? And now I wonder if you will be very angry with me if I ask you something? I don't think I should have dared to,

only your last letters have been so dear and kind. Raymond, why can't I come out to you and be with you? We long time, and twice she saw that he could get married, and we should be tore up what he had written and flung ever so happy even if we have to be it into the waste-paper basket, but at ocor-at least, I know I could, and last he had finished, and getting up, from your letters, somehow I think stalked away. it sounds as if you, too, have realized He had never once really thought that there isn't much happiness away was nobody about, and tiptoeing that she looked happy—she had never from me. I have had the offer of a across the lower with the torn pa quite lost the shadow in her eyes or good post-I won't tell you what it is, pers from the per-basket. They the droop to her lips which he had at as I want it to be a surprise to you if were torn a darross, but on first noticed, and he wanted her to be I do take it. But if you would like me one or two at the writing was visihappy. He wanted her happiness far to come, I will just leave everything and come to you. Couldn't you send He took the letter from his pocket me a wire when you get this letter? I He hated the sight of that name- my heart, really, now I have written reading what you say there, and somehow I feel that it's going to be all this moment-but . . "I'll chance it," said Micky under right,-With all my love for ever and

ever, LALLIE." Micky sat there staring down at her signature a long time after he had smile!" she told herself.

Then he moved slowly as if it cost the time that they were written to anof his callous questioning about Esther; of his almost brutal remarks,

He could picture her as well-waiting for a wire that would never come. He hated Ashton at that moment. His brows almost met above his eves in a scowl as he went up to the bureau

"Ah, but they are funny, these English!" she told her father afterwards.

know how well I knew you, dear, as sieur-not even one little smile!" thought perhaps you would rather I She 'watched Micky across the

"AFTER EVERY MEAL"

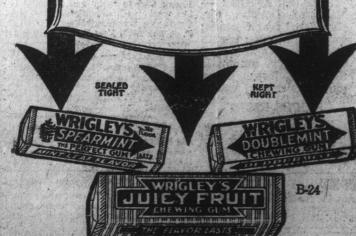
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lounge with interested eyes as he sa down at one of the tables and proceeded to write a letter. It took him s

Celeste ventured out then-there ble, and she spried them back with her to the shelter of the bureau.

She spread them out on the desk and looked at the address on the en- shall be longing and waiting to hear before her, carefully piecing them together. She knew English quite well, and she soon made out one sentence:

"It is not that I do not love you-I

have never loved you better than at Celeste was sentimental. She gav a big sigh of sympathy for the big Englishman. "No wonder he has no

CHAPTER XV.

triste!"

It was raining and miserable when Micky entered the room. Micky arrived in London. The roads were wet and slippery, and every taxi with mud.

Micky shivered as he stood waiting while a porter lugged his traps down from June. from the rack. He had felt depressed in Paris, but now London seemed a thousand times worse. The sight of Divers waiting on the platform annoyed him. He answered the man's stolid greeting snappishly. He had wanted to come home, and yet now he was here he wished himself a thousand miles away. He leaned back in a

corner of the taxi and shut his eyes. The last four days had got on his was like an eternal reproach.

Why had he come back at all? She did not want him-nobody wanted him in the whole forsaken world. The silence of his flat seemed a thing to be ther, and you, too!-I did not let her "To-day he had no smile, the tall mon- dreaded in his present mood. Driver's Laura Ashton." inscrutable face would, he felt, drive him mad. With sudden impulse he leaned forward and called to the from Raymond's mother. chauffeur, "Stop-I've changed my mind—drive me back to the Savoy. With him, he wondered blankly. He

> There would be life there at any rate—life and people and music something to make a man forget the depression that sat like a ton weight

> He felt utterly at a loose end; he stalked moodily into the lounge. There were many people there, girls in pretty dinner frocks, with their attendant cavaliers. Micky glanced at none of them, till suddenly a girl who had been sitting on a couch listening rather listlessly to the conversation of a vouth beside her, rose to her feet. when she saw Micky, the hot colour

flying to her cheeks. For a moment she hesitated, waitbut Micky had stalked by without Western Star shed its first beams of

catch in her voice.

Marie Deland.

listress in his eyes. you any more," she said. She tried and importance of the West Coast is hard to speak causually, but her voice that of the Public Service. Our hoary quivered a little "Where have you headed journals of the East no doubt been hiding all this time, Micky?" look upon us as a strippling, but our

from Paris—that he did call to see years ago who doubted the possibili her one night, but that they told him ties of success of a newspaper in this she wasn't in. She broke in there imthe public has such been accomplish-

my fault. I was there all the time. a special illustrated souvenir number Mother—" She stopped, biting her on this occasion, but have had to postlip, but there was no need to explain pone the project until some future further. Micky could well imagine, that it was by Mrs. Deland's orders Western contemporary on attaining

His heart was full of remorse as interesting local items published he looked down at Marie. Such a little our columns, we are indebted to the while ago he had thought of her as Curling weekly paper. his wife. He had fully meant to marry

He broke out again agitatedly-"I know you must think I'm an awful sweep. I-I-oh, I can't explain." He glanced past her to where the rather vapid-looking youth to whom she had been speaking sat tugging at ber; all

"What are you doing here?" he asked again. "Who are you with?"

She told him that she was with her arried sister and some friends. We're going to have dinner here," she said. She was longing to ask Micky to dine with them, but viously afraid to do so.

After a moment-"I suppose I ought to be going," she said. "Violet will wonder where I am, Micky." She loked up at him with abashed eyes. "I-I suppose-you wouldn't-will you come out to tea with me to-morrow?"

Micky's face reflected the flush in her own: he looked away in miserable embarrassment. He knew that she felt the same towards him as she had done before that memorable New Year's Eve. and he knew that whatever happened now he could never feel the same to her any more.

He answered that he would be pleased, very pleased. Where should he meet her-or should he call for her? "I'll meet vou." she said quickly. You know where we always used to go-I'll be there at four, Micky."

She put out her hand and Micky was forced to take it; he felt how her fingers shook in his, and he cursed

In a way he was glad they had met. Any other woman would have given him the snubbing which he knew he so richly deserved. Deep down in his heart he wished that she had done so: anything would have been easier to meet than this trembling overture of friendship. He knew that the little abashed expression in Marie's dark eyes could only mean one thing, that he had cut her to the soul and that she still cared for him.

He left the Savoy without having any dinner; he went back to his rooms, where the imperturbable Driver was brushing and refolding his master's clothes. It had almost broken Driver's heart to see the way in which Micky had packed his things: he raised eyes of wooden reproach a

There was a pile of letters on th table. Micky flicked them through and omnibus splashed pedestrians carelessly; nothing of interest a few bills and a good many invitations; nothing from Esther-not even a note

He sat down by the fire and proceeded to cut the many envelopes open. He kept thinking of Marie and wondering if it would be kinder not to meet her to-morrow, after all: if he could possibly write her a note that would tactfully explain the situation.

be answered later: there was nothing nerves; Esther's letter in his pocket of importance, nothing he . . . his attention was arrested:-

"Dear Mr. Mellowes,-I wonder it will be asking too much of you to come round and see me one afternoon for half an hour?-Yours sincerely,

Micky glanced quickly at the address at the top of the paper-it was What in the world could she want

looked across at Driver. This note—the one that came by hand-when did it come?" he asked. Driver replied that it had been there for two days. He waited a moment, then went on brushing Micky's coat.

Micky felt rather disturbed. Raymond's mother! What in the wide world could she want with him? Supposing it were anything to do with Esther

Attains Its Majority.

With the present issue, says th Western Star of March 30, this paper completes its 21 years of publication. ing for him to look at her, to speak— It was on the 4th April, 1900, that the turning his eyes, and after the barest light, and placed Western Newfoundsecond she followed and touched his land on the journalistic map. At that time this part of the country, its na-"Micky . . ." she said breathlessly, tural resources, beauties of landscape, and again "Micky," with an odd little and industrial opportunities were little known to the outsider. Since Micky turned as if he had been shot, then its population has about doubled, then stopped dead, colouring up to the new industries have sprung up, merroots of his hair, for the girl was cantile business have greatly multiplied and expanded; and where then She smiled tremulously, reading the we had not one bank, to-day we have five. About the only institution that "I thought I was never going to see has not advanced with the progress Micky stammered out that he really work has been of a pioneer nature didn't know-that he'd just come back and many there were twenty-one "I know; I'm so sorry. It wasn't ed. It has been our intention to issue

The Telegram congratulates its that the butler had said "Not at its majority, and wishes the Star and its editor ad multos Annes. For many

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Cardinal's Last

Baltimore, Md., March 25 .- The of me. He is needed by his church." oody of Cardinal Gibbons, dressed in This message was sent to the Pope the robes of his office, lay to-night in at the same time that news, of the the upper room of the archiepiscopal Cardinal's sudden turn for the worse residence on North Charles Street, was sent to the Vatican. which had been occupied by him for so many years.

Christian Brothers relieved members of the Cardinal's household early this morning as watchers by the bedside, and only high dignitaries of the church and the Cardinal's grand-niece and grand-nephew were allowed in the death chamber. Those two relatives are children of

Patrick Burke, of New Orleans. and deposited on her bed in the pub-All others of the multitude who lic road at Moreton's Hr. in front of called at the residence were permit- her brother's, Mr. Horwood, home. ted to leave their cards, but were told that the Cardinal's body could not be viewed until it was placed in the Cathedral Sunday night or early Monday morning. It was planned to have the guard of honor begin its first watch at eight o'clock Monday morning and continue until nine

Except for the announcement of the Cardinal's death and the requests for prayers for the repose of his soul, the services in all the churches today were unchanged. No masses were whom some hard things have been said in any church. But at all the said, it should be remembered that masses to-morrow and until further both his wife and daughter are innotice, where rubrics permit, the valids, and the task of attending to prayer "Pro Defuncto Cardinali" (for the wretched woman was almost bethe dead Cardinal) will be said by the | youd the girl's strength. clergy. This announcement was made for the Archdiocese of Balti-shortly to investigate the whole cirmore to-day by Bishop Owen B. Corrogan, and affects all the churches Twillingate Sun. in the archdiocese. Similar orders were expected to be issued by the ishops of the other dioceses in America. While the Cardinal's last words were blessings upon those of gasoline. Monogram Lubricating

signor John Benzano, Apostolic delegate to the United States:

Message to the Pope. "Please give the Pope my message of allegiance. Tell him I am glad "Please give the Pope my message that it is not he who is going instead

Wretched Poverty.

The Relieving Officer, Mr. John White, visited Moreton's Hr. in connection with the unfortunate woman Watkins, who was brought from Summerland by her late husband's son There she remained for some time until discovered by a passer-by, when she was got into the Horwood home and stripped of her rags and squalor.

The husband of this unfortunate woman died by her side in bed at Summerford recently. o'clock Thursday morning, the day of and it seems that the woman was half

The state in which they lived beggars description, and was worse than

poverty. In justice to Mr. Horwood, about

Mr. White will go to Summerford cumstances surrounding the affair.-

Contracts made with car own-



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